MARVEL 4 UNIVERSE

NOVEMBER
ISSUE 20

STILL
$1.50

Abnett
Haynes
Greene

WAR MACHINE

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

DANCES WITH WOLFGANG™

PLUS! THE VILLAINY OF CyberMancer!™

STAN LEE PRESENTS: WAR MACHINE

A LITTLE LEE

WOLFGANG WORKS OUT.

WOLFGANG LOOKS GOOD, BUT HE WANTS TO LOOK BETTER.

WOLFGANG GIVES EIGHT HUNDRED BUCKS TO A GUY ON THE BEACH AND GETS A LITTLE SPECIAL SOMETHING IN A PLASTIC BAGGIE.

GRAAAARR!

WOLFGANG GOES INTO SPASMS, DEFIBRILLATES AND COLLAPSES IN A COMA BY THE PIER HUT.

THEN WOLFGANG WAKES UP AGAIN. HELLO, WOLFGANG.

GOODBYE, SANTA MONICA.

DAN ABNETT
WRITER

FRED HAYNES
PENCILS

JOHNNY GREENE
INKS

ERIKA MORAN
COLORS

JOHN COSTANZA
LETTERS

NEL YOMTOV
EDITOR

MARK GRUENWALD
CHIEF

MALIBU
COMPUTER COLOR

© 2018 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

OUT OF MY WAY! LEAVE ME ALONE!

WHNNCH

HOLEE - !

WHAT'S MATTER? YOU JEALOUS? YOU JEALOUS OF ME?

YOU SHOULD BE!

SURGGH

WHHHHHH

BUSHH

NO. D'YOU THINK?

THIS IS TANGO EIGHTY REQUESTING PRIORITY ASSIST TO VENICE! COME ON, YOU GUYS!

HE'S CRAZY.

AND WOULD SOMEBODY *PLEASE* BRING A *TANK!?*

THE SAN DIEGO FREEWAY, TWO MILES AWAY.

BEEN A LONG HAUL BACK FROM MY INTERESTING WEEKEND IN MATLIN LAKE, MY PASSENGER HASN'T TOLD ME MUCH OF ANYTHING SO FAR...

... C'MON, SKYE. GIVE ME SOME-THING.

WE'RE GONNA HIT L.A. IN AN HOUR, AND YOU PROMISED TO TELL ME WHAT WAS GOING ON.

1 RHODE

I KNOW. I WANT TO, JIM. BUT IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.

SURELY YOU MUST HAVE FIGURED SOME OF IT OUT FOR YOURSELF.

SHE'S A GREAT HELP.

I'M SO CONFUSED, I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY IS UP. FIRST, I LOSE THE WAR MACHINE ARMOR, AND THINK MY "HERO" DAYS ARE PAST...

...THEN SOME URGE... A "SIXTH SENSE"... DRAWS ME TO THE WILDS OF CANADA AND I END UP WITH A NEW SUIT. A SUIT THAT BONDS WITH MY FLESH AND HELPS ME TAKE DOWN SOME DRAGON-FREAK THAT'S BEEN SENT TO TEST ME.

I KNOW THIS IS DIFFICULT FOR YOU.

YOU COULD MAKE IT EASIER. THE SUIT... EIDOLON WARWEAR YOU CALLED IT. IT'S ALIEN, ISN'T IT?

IF THAT'S TRUE, EXACTLY WHO... OR WHAT... ARE YOU?

WELCOME TO COAST CITY

A FRIEND.

THE WARWEAR NEEDS AN ORGANIC PARTNER TO FUNCTION. DESPITE THE MILES THAT SEPARATED YOU, IT SENSED YOU WERE THE RIGHT MAN.

SO IT SENT OUT AN EMPATHIC URGE TO DRAW YOU CLOSE.

IT IS ALIEN, JIM. A PRODUCT OF XENOTECHNOLOGY. BUT YOU MUST NOT FEAR IT.

IT WILL HELP YOU. IT WILL *REDEFINE* YOU.

DO I GET ANY SAY IN THE MATTER? AND WHO *TOLD* YOU TO TAKE SUCH AN INTEREST IN MY LIFE?

I'VE SAID TOO MUCH ALREADY.

BELIEVE ME, GIRL, THAT'S THE ONE THING YOU *HAVEN'T* DONE!

WHO'S BEHIND THIS? WHAT'S THEIR ANGLE?

WHAT DO THEY WANT? ANSWER ME!

I-

JIM! WATCH OUT! THOSE CARS ARE *STOPPED!*

YOU BARELY STOPPED IN TIME...

BUMPER-TO-BUMPER AT THIS TIME OF DAY? WHAT'S THE HOLD UP?

GOTTA LEARN TO STOP ASKING **STUPID** *QUESTIONS IF ALL THE ANSWERS ARE GONNA BE LIKE THIS.*

PEOPLE SCREAM. SKYE'S ONE OF THEM.

I'VE SEEN JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING...

... BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN A **BUICK** *FLY BEFORE.*

NEVER CAUGHT ONE BEFORE, COME TO THINK OF IT.

IN THE OLD DAYS, A DOZEN PEOPLE WOULD HAVE BEEN FLAT BY THE TIME I WAS SUITED UP.

THIS WARWEAR DOES HAVE ITS MOMENTS.

EVERYONE'S STARING AT ME.

CAN'T IMAGINE WHY.

STAY HERE. I'LL SEE WHAT THE PROBLEM IS.

I THINK "FLY" AND A NANOSECOND LATER, I'M PULLING AWAY FROM THE FREEWAY AT MACH TWO.

BE CAREFUL.

"BE CAREFUL." YEAH, RIGHT.

COPS! LOOK! NOW YOU GOT A *CON-VERTIBLE!*

I CAN DO THE SAME THING TO YOUR *HEADS* IF YOU LIKE!

SSHHHRRRKH

PLEASE DON'T

OH MY GOD

LEAVE THEM ALONE.

HUH?

KWA-BOOM!

YOU...

... *YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS OF ME TOO!*

WHAT PART OF "*LEAVE THEM ALONE*" DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

WONDERFUL. HE'S THE SIZE OF THE HULK AND HE'S OUT OF HIS TREE.

GAAH!

I CAN FORGET DIPLOMACY. GOTTA SUBDUE BEFORE HE KILLS SOMEONE.

AND RIGHT NOW, I'M TOP OF HIS LIST.

-NFF!-

SO HE'S NOT JUST THE SIZE OF THE HULK...

THE WARWEAR ANALYZES HIM FROM THE BRIEF SKIN-CONTACT. AMAZING.

THERE'S AN ARTIFICIAL STEROID COMPOUND HAMMERING THROUGH HIS BLOODSTREAM. DESIGNER DRUG, MAYBE. STRONG ENOUGH TO RIP CALIFORNIA OFF THE COASTLINE WITH HIS TEETH.

JEALOUS! JEALOUS! JEALOUS!

I SEND TWO DRONE GUN-PLATFORMS TO MEET HIM.

EH?

THEY CONFUSE THE HECK OUT OF HIM.

THEN THEY OPEN FIRE.

ZZCHOOM!

HE'S NOT DEAD. THAT WASN'T MY INTENTION.

I HIT HIM WITH A WASH OF PHASED ALPHA-WAVES TO SLOW HIS RAGING METABOLISM AND PUSH HIS MIND INTO A FUGUE SHUT-DOWN.

HE MAY NOT ACTUALLY SLEEP IT OFF, BUT IT'S GIVEN HIS BODY A CHANCE TO FIGHT THE TOXINS RAGING THROUGH IT.

THIS MAN NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION AND AN EXPERT TOXICOLOGIST *STAT*. ANY IDEA WHO HE IS?

WOLFGANG. LOCAL BODY BUILDER.

GUESS HE BUILT *TOO MUCH*, HEH?

GUESS SO.

HEY! WHO *ARE* YOU? *WHAT* ARE YOU?

BUD, YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS *MINE*.

BY THE TIME I GET BACK TO MY VEHICLE, THE TRAFFIC'S MOVING AGAIN.

AND SKYE HAD VANISHED.

THERE'S JUST A NOTE TAPED TO THE DASH.

"JIM – I'LL BE IN TOUCH. SKYE."

WONDERFUL.

LOS ANGELES, THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

THE WORLDWATCH OFFICE.

... SURE I'LL LOOK INTO IT, BUT AREN'T DOMESTIC DRUG PROBLEMS A LITTLE *OUTSIDE* OUR PURVIEW?

ACTUALLY, I HEARD ABOUT THAT INCIDENT IN SANTA MONICA ON THE RADIO, JAMES. THERE WAS SOME REPORT OF A *SUPERHERO* INVOLVED...

JUST SEE IF YOU CAN TURN UP ANYTHING ON "DESIGNER STEROIDS", REBECCA.

NOT *THIS* SUPERHERO, DOC. I'M JUST A REGULAR JOE NOW, REMEMBER?

ANYWAY, LET'S TRY TO ACT ON THIS "ROAD RAGE" PROBLEM.

WELL, I *MIGHT* BE ABLE TO TURN UP SOMETHING THAT WE COULD PASS ON TO THE D.E.A.

BY THE WAY... IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, JIM.

YUP, I FEEL LIKE A *DIFFERENT* MAN...

YES, YOUR VACATION SEEMS TO HAVE AGREED WITH YOU.

... AND BEING BACK IN THE SADDLE IS PART OF THE REASON.

HEY, IS SHEVA AROUND?

SHE PHONED IN SICK, I'M AFRAID.

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD CALL HER.

FEEL BAD ABOUT KEEPING THE WARWEAR THING A SECRET FROM BECCA AND THE DOC. AFTER ALL, I PUT THEM THROUGH HELL HIDING WAR MACHINE FROM THEM...

*BUT I THINK IT'S FOR THE **BEST** UNTIL I KNOW MORE ABOUT THE FLAMING THING...*

SHEVA? IT'S JIM.

HOW THINGS?

I FEEL PRETTY WASHED OUT, JIM. REAL *TIRED*.

COULD YOU DROP BY AFTER WORK? I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU.

OH! I ALMOST FORGOT TO MENTION THAT I BUMPED INTO RAE OVER THE WEEKEND.

RAE? HOW WAS SHE?

SHE SEEMED FINE. SO CAN YOU COME BY TONIGHT?

YOU BET. I'LL BE THERE AROUND SIX.

RAE. I HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN WEEKS. WONDER WHAT SHE THINKS OF M-

NOK! NOK!

COME IN!

GOT A MOMENT, RHODES?

U.S. AGENT!

SURE I DO, BUD! COME ON IN!

THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE!

FORGET *PLEASANT*, JIM. I GOT A PROBLEM.

I WAS GONNA CALL YOU, BUT THE PHONE SEEMED TOO RISKY.

"TOO RISKY...?" *THAT* SOUNDS OMINOUS.

IT AIN'T GOOD.

REMEMBER *YELLOWJACKET?* AND *MARILLA*, THE AVENGER'S NANNY?

SURE, I-

THEY WERE BOTH *MURDERED* THE NIGHT OF THE AVENGERS REUNION.

AND BEFORE YOU SAY ANYTHING, THERE'S *MORE*.

LOOKS LIKE *HAWKEYE* DID IT.

CLINT?! YOU'VE *GOT* TO BE *KIDDING..!*

FORCE WORKS HQ, VENTURA. ONE HOUR LATER...

... I SAW HAWKEYE JUST THIS WEEKEND...

... I TOOK A BREAK FISHING, UP NEAR MATLIN LAKE. HE STOPPED BY. IT WAS...

... FUN.

WELL, HE'S HERE *NOW*... IN THE *INFIRMARY*.

U.S. AGENT? DO WE HAVE A VISITOR?

MEET *CYBERMANCER*, JIM. STARK DECIDED THE TEAM NEEDED NEW BLOOD, AND THIS IS THE *PAIN-IN-THE-BUTT* HE RECRUITED.

THIS IS JIM RHODES, LADY... AN *OLD FRIEND*. NO NEED TO *FRISK* HIM OR NOTHIN'.

I WASN'T ABOUT TO, U.S. AGENT. ANY FRIEND OF YOURS...

THAT BROAD GIVES ME THE CREEPS. AND IT'S THANKS TO *HER* THAT HAWK WOUND UP IN THE INFIRMARY.

C'MON, I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM...

NICE TO MEET YOU, MR. RHODES.

SHORTLY...

HE'S BEEN OUT NINE HOURS NOW. CYBERMANCER TOOK HIM DOWN WITH A *SYNAPTIC DISRUPTOR* OR SOMETHING.

MAN, HE'S LOOKED *BETTER*...

SO WHERE'RE THE OTHER GUYS?

THE *TEAM* TOOK OFF ON A MISSION, BUT THEY LEFT *ME* HERE TO GUARD BARTON.

WHAT MORE CAN I TELL YOU? THE SITUATION *SUCKS!*

YOU CAN TELL ME *EVERYTHING.* FROM THE TOP.

ALL RIGHT... STARK AND WANDA WENT TO THE AVENGERS REUNION. I TAGGED ALONG AS *CHAUFFEUR.*

IT WAS AN... INTERESTING TIME.* BUT STARK HAD BEEN A LITTLE *DIFFICULT* RECENTLY, AND THE TRIP SEEMED TO MELLOW HIM OUT.

* SEE AVENGERS: THE CROSSING! -- THE BIG-GUY.

"... THEN YESTERDAY, HE CALLED A MEETING AND INTRODUCED US TO THE NEW TEAM MEMBER. IT WAS A **SURPRISE**, BUT **NOTHING** COMPARED TO WHAT FOLLOWED...

"HE TOLD US ABOUT THE DOUBLE MURDER, AND THEN PRODUCED **IRONCLAD** EVIDENCE SHOWING IT WAS CLINT. VIDEO FOOTAGE, AND THEN SOME FORENSIC STUFF.

" I WENT AND FOUND BARTON. THE IDEA WAS TO PERSUADE HIM INTO COMING IN VOLUNTARILY SO WE COULD SORT THIS MADNESS OUT.

"AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, WE WERE **AMAZED**. WANDA REFUSED TO BELIEVE IT...

"THEN STARK SHOWED UP. HE'D TAILED ME, EVEN THOUGH HE'D SAID IT WAS LEFT TO ME.

"CLINT WAS STILL REELING FROM THE ACCUSATION, AND THINGS GOT REAL UGLY, REAL FAST.

"HAWK ALMOST GAVE STARK THE SLIP, BUT CYBERMANCER WAS COVERING THE BACK DOOR."

I'M FURIOUS THAT STARK USED MY *FRIENDSHIP* WITH CLINT TO BRING HIM DOWN.

WANDA FELT THE SAME, TOO. SHE AND STARK ARGUED... AND STARK ACTUALLY *QUIT THE TEAM*. BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

THIS IS *TOO MUCH!* I CAN'T BELIEVE THINGS HAVE GOTTEN SO SCREWED UP FOR YOU GUYS... AND FOR *CLINT!*

YOU WERE THE ONLY PERSON I COULD THINK OF TO CALL. EVEN THOUGH I KNOW YOU'VE HAD *TROUBLES* OF YOUR OWN LATELY.

YOU HEARD ABOUT THAT, HUN?

I WAS WORKING WITH NICK FURY AND SHIELD ON AN OPERATION DOWN IN CHILE. I... LOST THE ARMOR.

GUESS YOU COULD SAY WAR MACHINE IS *HISTORY.*

RIGHT NOW, CLINT DOESN'T NEED A *SUPER HERO*, RHODES.

HE NEEDS *FRIENDS*.

WELL HE CAN COUNT ON ME. I *KNOW* HAWK'S NOT A KILLER... NO MATTER WHAT THE *EVIDENCE* SAYS.

MY HEAD'S SPINNING TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL. I ASK JACK TO USE A TELELINK TERMINAL...

... AVENGERS MANSION DOESN'T ANSWER. EVENTUALLY, WE TRACK DOWN THE BLACK WINDOW AT JANET VAN DYNE'S HOUSE.

... SO YOU'VE NO IDEA WHERE *IRON MAN* IS, NATASHA?

*NONE AT ALL, JIM. I'M SORRY. THINGS ARE PRETTY BAD HERE... VERY **MIXED UP**. BECAUSE OF THE MURDERS, WE'VE CLOSED THE MANSION.**

**SEE AVENGERS 391. -SWELL NEL*

IF I CAN FIND IRON MAN, I'LL TELL HIM YOU WANT TO TALK.

BLACK WIDOW OUT.

SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE IN WORSE SHAPE THAN WE ARE!

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE AIR, ALL RIGHT.

LOOK, JACK... I WANT TO CHECK SOMETHING OUT. CAN YOU GET ME A COPY OF THE VIDEO AND FORENSIC EVIDENCE?

ACCORDING TO AGENT, IRON MAN HAD THE FORENSIC STUFF PROCESSED BY ERICA SONDHEIM AT STARK ENTERPRISES.

FEELS STRANGE COMING BACK HERE... KIND OF UNCOMFORTABLE. I USED TO BE THE BOSS, AND NOW I'M JUST A GUY OFF THE STREET, POKING HIS NOSE IN.

... IT'S IN MY REPORT, JIM. TRACES OF THERMITE AND MICRO-SHARDS OF A SPECIALIZED STEEL ALLOY. BOTH OF THEM CAME FROM ONE OF HAWKEYE'S INCENDIARY ARROWS.

STARK

BUT COULD THEY HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH... PLACED AT THE SITE, FOR INSTANCE?

ARE YOU SUGGESTING THEY WERE PLANTED?

I MAKE MY EXCUSES AND LEAVE. I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO A STAND-UP ROW WITH ERICA. THEY'VE ONLY JUST CLEANED UP AFTER THE LAST FIGHT I GOT INTO ON STARK PROPERTY...

SO I HEAD BACK TO WORLDWATCH...

EASIER SAID THAN DONE, BOSS. THIS IS HEAVY STUFF. IS THIS FOR REAL?

DON'T ANSWER THAT! I DON'T WANNA KNOW! LOOK... I'VE TRIED ALL THE RESOLUTION SCANS I CAN THINK OF, AND MAPPED THE IMAGE TO SHOW UP ANY MINUTE ANOMALIES OF LIGHT, MOTION, CONTRAST OR COLOR.

SHORT OF TAKING IT APART, PIXEL BY PIXEL, I'D SAY THIS WAS GENUINE.

... AS FOR THE OTHERS... REED RICHARDS MAYBE? OR TONY STARK, OR COURSE.

OH MAN...

AND IF IT HAS BEEN DOCTORED, THERE'S ONLY TWO OR THREE GUYS IN THE WORLD WHO COULD HAVE MANAGED IT SO PERFECTLY. YOU'RE TALKING TO ONE OF THEM...

... I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY, JACK, BUT THIS STINKS OF A *FRAME UP.* AND *STARK* IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO WAS CAPABLE OF FIXING IT.

WELL I DON'T MUCH *LIKE* THE GUY, RHODES, BUT THAT DOESN'T SOUND ANY MORE CREDIBLE THAN *HAWK* BEING A KILLER!

AGREED. BUT UNTIL WE KNOW MORE, WE NEED TO PROTECT HAWKEYE.

I'LL BE THERE IN AN HOUR. BE READY.

IT'S PAST SIX, AND JIM STILL HASN'T SHOWED. SHEVA'S JUST GIVING UP ON HIM WHEN THE DOORBELL RINGS...

MISS JOSEPH? SHIELD AGENT *KIRBY MARTELL.* I GOT YOUR MESSAGE AND CAME AS SOON AS I COULD.

OH, THANK YOU! WHEN I PHONED, I GOT THE SHIELD VOICE MAIL. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE OFF ON A MISSION AND WOULDN'T GET MY MESSAGE FOR DAYS.

YOU SAID IT WAS SOMETHING *URGENT.* HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

YOU'RE SHIELD'S TIME EXPERT... YOU CHECKED JIM RHODES AND I OUT AFTER THE CHILEAN MISSION.

I NEED YOUR OPINION... AM I ILL, OR CRAZY... OR JUST *DYING?*

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE *DOING?*

I'M TAKING CLINT SOMEPLACE WHERE HE'LL BE SAFE. *STAY OUT OF THIS.*

I'M IN A POSITION OF TRUST AND I WON'T ALLOW THIS. CLINT BARTON IS A SUSPECTED KILLER. HE STAYS IN CUSTODY HERE OR GETS TURNED OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES.

DON'T MAKE ME STOP YOU.

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN SOME SNOT-NOSED ROOKIE TO ST-

I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS YOUR GREATER FAILING, U.S. AGENT... YOUR *OVER-CONFIDENCE* OR YOUR *BOORISH PERSONALITY.*

KKZZAAKKTTT!

AGHHH!

YOU'RE MAKING A *HABIT* OF ZAPPING THE GOOD GUYS.

W-WHO ARE YOU?

HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

I'M... *A CONCERNED PARTY.* AND NOBODY ANSWERED WHEN I KNOCKED.

I UNSKIN THE REMOTES, AND THEY ORBIT MY HAND LIKE HORNETS.

THE WARWEAR'S "READING" HER, ANALYZING THE ENERGY FLOWING THROUGH HER SUIT, SCANNING HER HEART RATE AND ADRENAL LEVELS.

I *KNOW* SHE'S GOING TO FIRE BEFORE *SHE* DOES.

KOOM!

HER PIXILATED HARD-LIGHT KNIFE-BOMBS DETONATE *HARMLESSLY* AGAINST A WALL OF ENERGY MANUFACTURED BY MY REMOTES IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE.

BUT SHE'S *FAST,* AND *ASTONISHINGLY* STRONG. HER BODY SLAMS ME BACKWARDS...

GNIFF!

I'VE GOT YOU COLD, MISTER...

... WHY ARE YOU *SMILING?*

BEHIND YOU.

MY DRONES ARE WAITING, LIKE OBEDIENT GUNDOGS AT MY HEEL.

*THEY FIRE IN CONCERT, HITTING HER WITH ABOUT A **KILOWATT** OF ACCELERATED PARTICLES. FROM THE WARWEAR'S SCAN, I KNOW HER SUIT GIVES HER ENOUGH PROTECTION TO SURVIVE IT.*

SKREEEE

EEPOOM

BUT SHE WON'T STAY CONSCIOUS.

UHNN...

JIM. THAT *YOU?*

I'LL EXPLAIN *EVERYTHING* LATER! LET'S JUST GET OUT OF HERE!

HOW FAST DOES THIS THING GO?

HOW FAST WOULD SIR LIKE?

GOT TO FIND OURSELVES A PLACE TO LIE LOW. WE'VE *CROSSED THE LINE*, JACK... SPRINGING A "KILLER", GRAND THEFT *HEX-SHIP*. SOMEONE'S GONNA BE MIGHTY *TICKED OFF*.

YEAH, BUT *WHO?*

WE'RE FIGHTIN' *BLIND* HERE. THE AVENGERS, FORCE WORKS... IT'S ALL FALLIN' APART, AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW *WHY*.

GUESS WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH.

THEY'RE *DEFINITELY* GONNA COME AFTER US FOR THIS.

YOU REALLY THINK STARK MIGHT BE PART OF IT?

NO.

HE CAN BE A DEVIOUS S.O.B. WHEN HE WANTS, BUT I KNOW HIM LIKE A *BROTHER*. HE'S NO *KILLER*, NO MORE THAN CLINT COULD BE.

BUT MAYBE SOMEONE'S *USING* HIM, OR *FRAMING* HIM JUST LIKE HEY FRAMED HAWK.

THE LID'S COME OFF SOME KIND OF *CONSPIRACY*, JACK. SOMETHING BIG AND DARK AND *TERRIFYING*, AND IT'S GOING TO GET *WORSE* BEFORE IT GETS BETTER. I CAN JUST *FEEL* IT.

ALL WE CAN DO IS TRUST *EACH OTHER*. "*BROTHERS IN ARMS*" AGAIN, LIKE BACK IN SAN REVILLA.

AND IN THE SPIRIT OF TRUST, I BETTER TELL YOU EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS *SUIT* I'M WEARING...

GLAD YOU BROUGHT THAT UP...

... FRANKLY, I'VE SEEN *FRIENDLIER* LOOKING THINGS *CHOMPIN' AT SIGOURNEY WEAVER.*

I THINK IT'S *SUPPOSED* TO LOOK SCARY. IT'S CALLED *WARWEAR*. GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT IT WAS BUILT TO FIGHT, BUT THEY WEREN'T MESSING AROUND WHEN THEY PUT IT TOGETHER.

I FOUND IT WHEN I WAS *FISHING.*

OH, *SURE.*

ALL RIGHT THEN... IT FOUND *ME.*

H-HEY!

HEY!

WHAT DID I MISS? *WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON?!?*

HEADS UP, JACK... *THE BARTON RISETH.*

WELL? GUYS?

WE'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING, CLINT...

IF WE DON'T GET *KILLED* FIRST, OF COURSE.

RHODES, YOU'RE A REGULAR *BARREL* OF LAUGHS...

YEAH, SOON AS WE FIGURE IT OUT.

NEXT:
DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!
THE STORY YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D READ IS ONLY JUST GETTING STARTED! IN THIRTY...
BROTHERS IN ARMS!
FEATURING
WAR MACHINE... U.S. AGENT... HAWKEYE... AND THE BLACK WIDOW?

WAR MACHINE

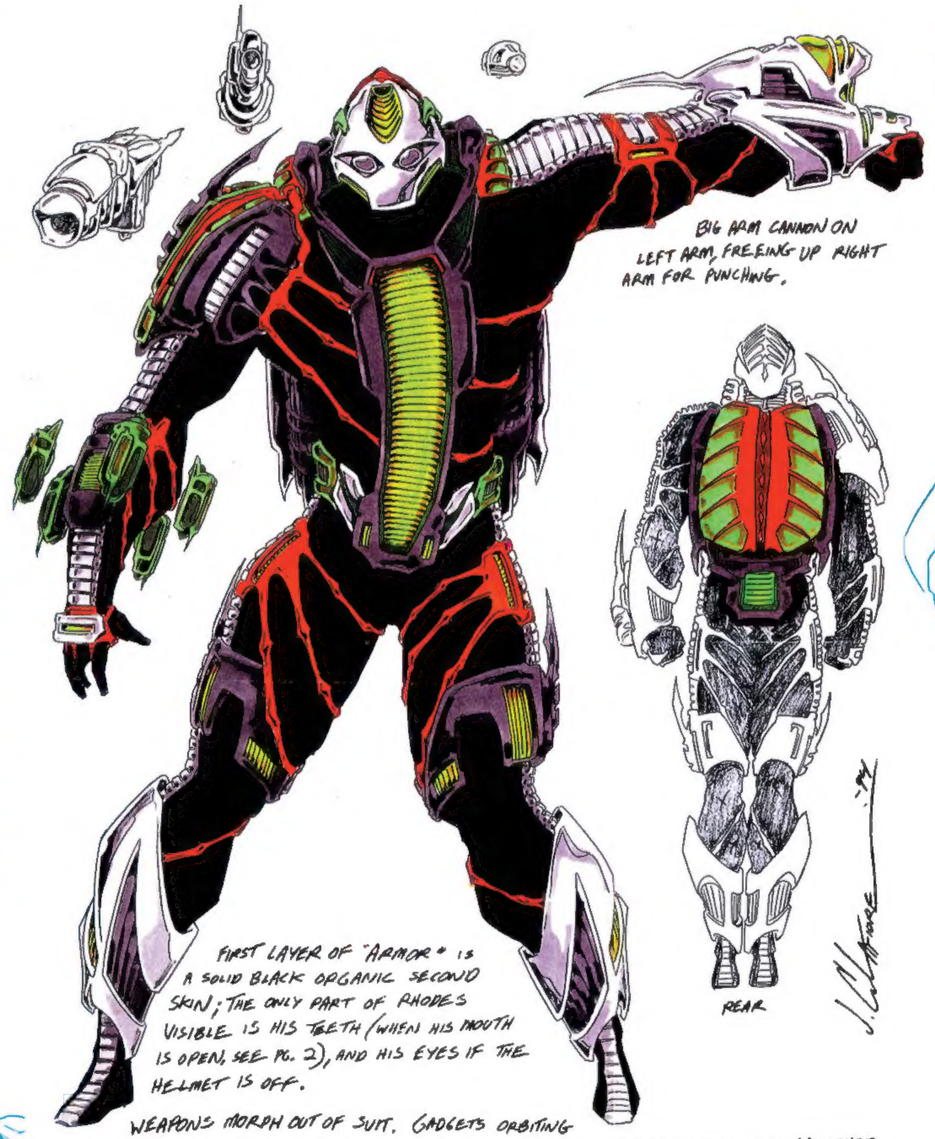
ALIEN LIFE

EDITOR
NEL YOMTOV

ASSISTANT EDITOR
MICHAEL MARTS

EDITOR IN CHIEF
MARK GRUENWALD

c/o MARVEL COMICS, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016
Please include your name and address, though we will withhold that information upon request



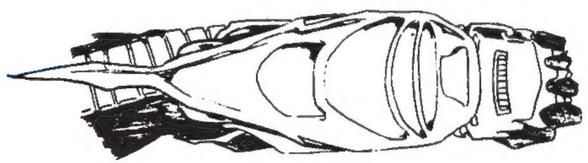
FIRST LAYER OF "ARMOR" IS A SOLID BLACK ORGANIC SECOND SKIN; THE ONLY PART OF RHODES VISIBLE IS HIS TEETH (WHEN HIS MOUTH IS OPEN, SEE PG. 2), AND HIS EYES IF THE HELMET IS OFF.

WEAPONS MORPH OUT OF SUIT. GADGETS ORBITING RIGHT FOREARM MORPH OUT OF FOREARM APPARATUS; THEY'RE MORTARS THAT ONCE LAUNCHED CAN BE GUIDED REMOTELY BY RHODES/THE SUIT. THEY'RE CAPABLE OF MORE THAN EXPLOSIONS.

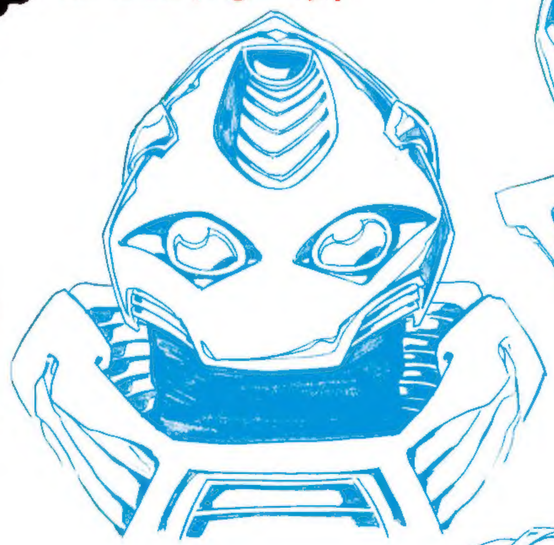
FLOATING GUNS OVER SHOULDERS MORPH OUT OF RIGHT SHOULDER PAD.

MORE STUFF CAN MORPH OUT OF BACK-PACK.

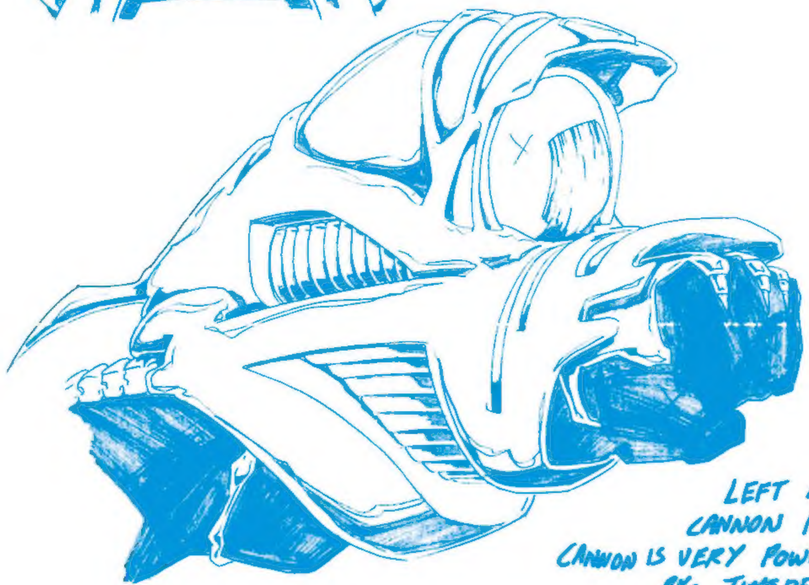
GADGETS THAT MORPH OUT OF SUIT CAN BE ANYTHING: GUNS; SPY DEVICES (REMOTE CAMERA EYE, ETC.) POWER CONDUITS; NETS/BOLOS; WHATEVER THE IMAGINATION CAN COME UP WITH. THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF THE SUIT, CONSTANTLY CHANGING AND ADAPTING. CONSTANTLY SURPRISING.



As promised, here are Jim Califiore's original design sheets for War Machine's new suit of alien armor. Next month, we'll return to our regular letters page. Enjoy!



* NOTE TEETH SHOWING WITH MOUTH OPEN.



LEFT ARM CANNON ISO's
CANNON IS VERY POWERFUL: BIG TIME DEVASTATION.

NEXT ISSUE

Following the events of FORCE WORKS #18, it's a Brothers In Arms reunion as War Machine, U.S. Agent, Hawkeye, and (new addition) Black Widow tackle the menace of Death-Hunt--herald of the Anachronauts! Join us in 30 for more Crossing action!